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LIFE

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01

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

LIFE.



A Roaring Romance.

MR. F. ANSTEY is one of those rare individuals, among the professional humorists, who have allied to a sense of humor a sense of proportion. Instead of yielding to the temptation to make a three-volume novel out of a slender situation, he has contented himself in his amusing story of "Love Among the Lions" (Appleton) with a brevity which is wholly appropriate to the slightness of his theme. It is not impossible to believe that Mr. Henry James would have found in the "psychological moment," wherein the fair *Lurana Carmen De Castro* decides that she must be married in the lions' cage, at the circus of *Messrs. Wooker and Sawkins*, or not at all, ample material for an interesting disquisition of some four or five hundred pages of his charming, but somewhat puzzling, periods. Mr. Anstey, however, has never been given to that sort of thing, and, in a rapid, vigorous manner, he has compressed all that he has to tell of the famous marriage, which failed to eventuate, according to the advertisements on the show-bills, into an hour's pleasant reading.

It would be unfair alike to author and to reader for us to go into the details of Mr. Anstey's complication in this story. It has but one complication, and to divulge that in part, or as a whole, would amount almost to an infringement of the author's copyright, if perchance he has one. We shall, therefore, not reveal to our readers whether or not the outraged lion, thus intruded upon by a young lady and her affianced

with hymeneal intent, in his anger pounced upon the blushing and devoted bride, and, with a roar which struck terror to the hearts of all beholders, swallowed the fair girl before she had promised to love, honor and obey the man of her choice. Nor shall we tell how the semi-widowed groom—if, indeed, that is what in the circumstance *Mr. Blenkinsop* may be called—forced himself in a noble, but suicidal, frenzy down the throat of the now thoroughly gorged beast, and, amid the cheers of the multitude, performed the double function of joining his departed love in her tragic end, and choking the ill-mannered creature who, after the fashion of beasts of his kind, had not studied etiquette, and had, therefore, not learned that in polite society a bride, if devoured at all, must be devoured by the eye, and not otherwise, even if, as brides often do, she looks good enough to eat.

Indeed, it is hardly proper for us even to hint of these things, because they do not really happen in Mr. Anstey's romance of the ring. What did happen, however, is equally plausible, and Mr. Anstey has told of it after his usual happy and quaintly humorous fashion.

We must confess to some surprise to note the hopelessly commonplace illustrations chosen for the story in book form. When "Love Among the Lions" was running serially in the American weekly periodical in whose columns we first read it, it was copiously and wonderfully well illustrated by Mr. Peter Newell in the manner which he has made peculiarly his own. That Mr. Newell's suggestive pictorial comment upon the author's work should be set aside for the wholly inadequate "cuts" which "embellish" the book is incomprehensible. We wonder that Mr. Anstey and his publishers should have missed an opportunity so obviously to their own advantage.

John Kendrick Bangs.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

AGE cherishes as many illusions about the past as Youth about the future.



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THE lynching of Sam Hose has quickened interest in the race question in the South. Much information has been printed during the last month about it, and also very many lies. The North really wants to understand the situation, and hungers for truth.

In eleven Southern States there are about seven million negroes, and ten million white people. In Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina there are more negroes than whites. In Alabama and Georgia the white majority is small. After the war the Northern idea was that in all these States whites and negroes should have equal civil and political rights, and should be equals in the sight of the law. The fact is, so far as can be learned, that the negroes in the South have been disfranchised, formally in some States, practically in all, and have retained only such civil rights as the whites allow them. The universal

sentiment of the whites, so far as LIFE can learn, is that the negro is not competent to have a share in the Government, and shall not share in it; that the negro is not the equal of the white man, and shall not have equal privileges, but that as long as he lives in the South he must live as a member of the inferior race, and must mind his manners and keep his place. He may only associate with the white man on the white man's terms. If he commits capital crimes against the white man, and more particularly against white women, he is, for the present, to be hunted down and killed without trial.

THE white man has an explanation of his practice of lynching negroes. He says that the new generation of negroes which has grown up since the war has not had the training and restraint which negroes used to get on the plantations, that it is consequently obstreperous as a whole, and includes many individuals, who, instead of gaining in civilization, have gone backwards. In these men, we are told, the savage is always ready to break out. Because of them women and children in the South must be constantly looked after, and may not go alone in lonely places. These men, we are told, whose animalism is so strong, and whose powers of

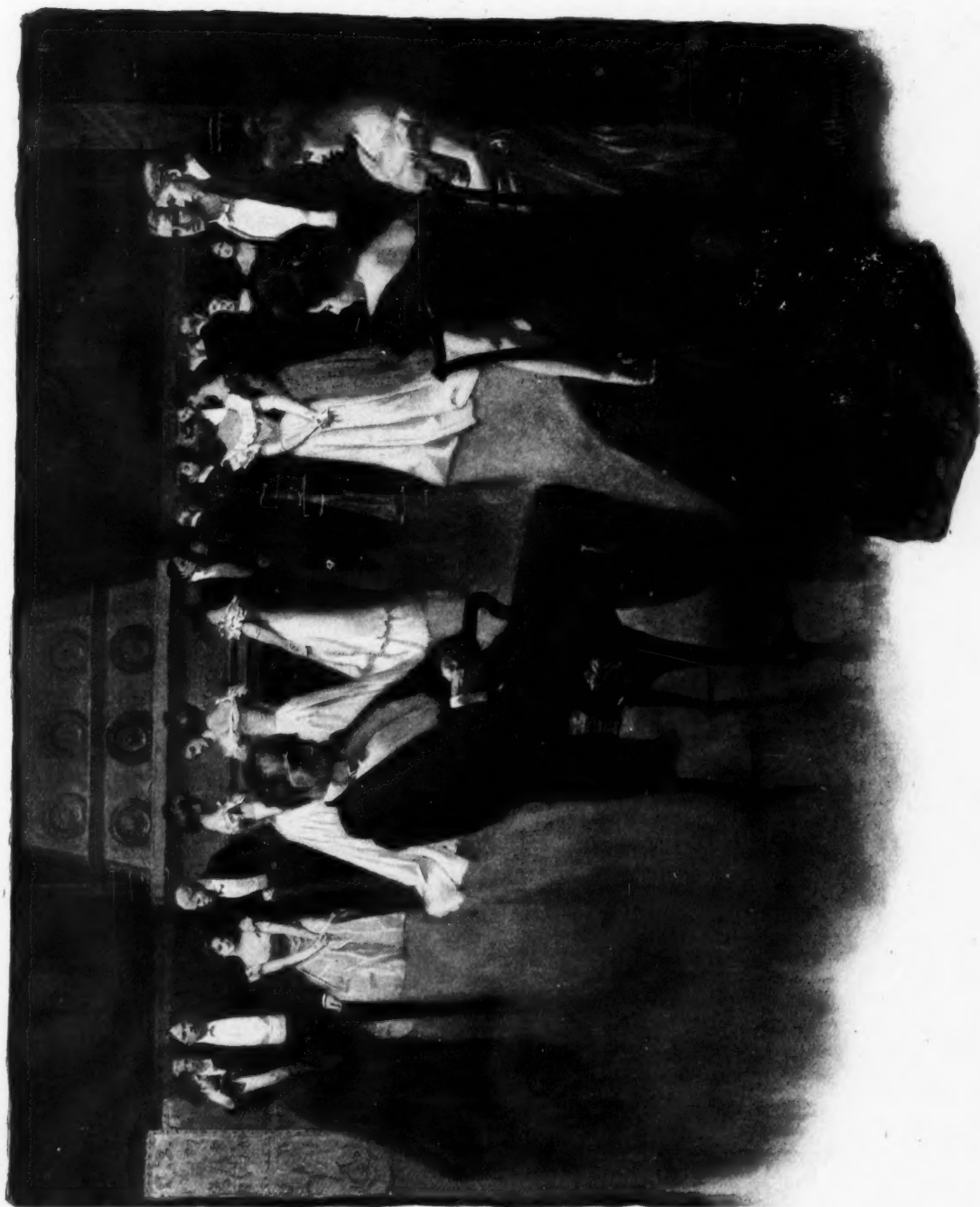
self-restraint are so limited, can only be restrained from crimes by the prospect of immediate retribution. The law is too slow for them; the moral effect of lynching is better. Besides that, in cases of crimes against white women, legal processes are inconvenient, because white women naturally object to bearing witness in court against their assailants. The assertion that too many of the negroes are growing up bad, is borne out by the fact that the proportion of negro convicts to the negro population is about three times as great as in the case of the whites. The situation is not helped by the fact that the Southern white people are not all saints, and that the prevalence of lynching tends to make the rising generation of whites disregard the law, and believe that it is the white man's privilege to kill negroes when necessary.

THE Southerner's feeling toward the negro depends upon the negro. He likes the old-fashioned, before-the-war negro, but the latter-day, as-good-as-anybody negro, he does not like at all. It would be well for every Northern white man who is disposed to sit in judgment on the Southerner, to ask himself how far he himself believes in negro equality, and how far he would submit to negro government.

One thing the Southern negro seems to be allowed to do: he may work, and it does not appear that, as a rule, the fruits of his labor are denied him. If he accepts life on the white man's terms, works industriously and keeps out of politics, he may prosper and find life tolerable, unless a lynching party makes a mistake and kills him.

THE race question in the South is very complex and serious. Great wrongs grow out of it, yet we should be wary of giving rash judgments on its incidents. We are bound to sympathize with the decent negroes, but the decent white people deserve our sympathy also. If half the population of Massachusetts or New York was negro, would the negro, in the end, be better treated in those States than in Georgia? LIFE doubts it. In the North we have no fear of negroes; no jealousy of them. They do not trouble us. When their competition in any field of labor becomes too serious they are apt to be crowded out. Our trades' unions reject them as it is. We are willing to let them vote because their voting strength is unimportant. We will allow their children in our public schools as long as there are not too many of them. We never feel the race question as Georgia feels it. If we did, maybe our virtue would not be superior to hers.

IF we are going to talk about the race question in the South, let us first use every effort to understand it. It is intricate and troublesome. It menaces Southern civilization, and creates a situation that is exceedingly demoralizing to both sides. If we can solve it the South will be grateful, but it will not thank us for censure that is based partly on ignorance and partly on unconscious hypocrisy. Booker Washington's advice to the negro is to work to save, to accumulate property, to be patient, and to keep out of politics. He does not advise him to emigrate, to retaliate, or to fight for his rights. He says to him, "Be a good man; there lies your only chance." The same may be said to the whites.



Prominent Society Woman (to popular lecturer): DON'T YOU GET TIRED OF SAYING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN?
"YES. DON'T YOU!"

"BUT do you really love me, George?"
"Do I really love you, Clementina? Do I? Why, precious one, I love you almost as much as I would love myself if I were an actor!"

Life.

LIFE is but a little story,
Punctuated, in the main,
With commas of our happiness
And with periods of pain.

"SHE is very unselfish; isn't she?"
"Very. Her spring bills were twice as much as she expected, and she concealed it from her husband as long as possible, knowing he would be worried."



A Clever Writer's Last Word.



"THE battle was over, and the victor remained on the field sitting alone with the hurly-burly of his thoughts."

Such is the opening paragraph of "The Market-Place" (Stokes), Harold Frederic's latest and last novel. Since the words were penned he has fought his own battle, and has gone out of the hurly-burly into Twilight-land and No Man's-land, to think his thoughts alone. What his thoughts are, only the No Man's-landers and the Twilight-landers can know. There is always something tragic and pathetic in a posthumous production of any kind, and Frederic's story of his Rubber King is peculiarly so; because Frederic should have been spared, and could have been spared, for many years to do other good work, perhaps better work than this. When "The Damnation of Theron Ware" appeared, three or four years ago, its author was little known outside of journalistic circles, but the novel brought him at once into notoriety, if not into popularity. It was printed in England as "Illumination," and on both sides of the Atlantic it was, for a few months, the subject of no small comment and discussion. It seemed to show much promise for future performance, a promise which, in the mind of one impartial reader at least, is not altogether fulfilled.

Theron Ware, it will be remembered, lived in Central New York, and he was an introspective person who did not know his own mind. *Stormont Thorpe* is a manipulator of the London stock market, and an individual of unusually strong character. Everything he attempts is successful, from the shooting of pheasants in Loamshire, to the plucking of pigeons in the City. He is, perhaps, founded on fact; but he is more fortunate than is his prototype in real life, because he has more grit, and more gumption, and, no doubt, because he has more luck. "I shall be a very rich man," he says, in the beginning of his career. "Well, now, I wouldn't give a damn to be rich, unless I did with my money the things I wanted to do, and got the things with it that I wanted to get. Whatever

takes my fancy, that's what I'll do." And that's what he does. He does not always do it honestly, or honorably; but he does it triumphantly. He gains an enormous fortune, a high place in society, and the woman of his heart; and he is perfectly happy in the end. He wins the admiration of the world he lives in; he even excites the respect of the men he ruins; he will be the envy of the myriads of Little Corsican stock-brokers, whose sole ambitions are to become Napoleons of Finance; and for this reason he will do

much more harm than good. He will appeal to masculine rather than to feminine readers, because most of the latter will be as blind to the merits of his operations as was his own sister, who never believed in them, nor in him; and he will not exactly appeal to the masculine readers who were interested in the troubles and trials of *Theron Ware*. But he is worth knowing, for all that; he is bound to be talked about, even if he is not liked; and those who like him will like him very much. *Laurence Hutton.*



Elf and Gnome.

ANY traveler or resident in the Far East will tell you that there are in the Oriental mind, whether it be Chinese, Japanese, Indian, or Filipino, elusive spots which the mind of the man of the West can never touch. The Oriental's moods and impressions are not our moods and impressions; his logic is not our logic, and his conclusions are not our conclusions.

The same thing holds true to a less extent with that portion of Europe's lower and lower middle classes, whose origins were tinged with the Norse mythology. The folk lore of Ireland, Scotland and England we can understand, because it goes not much further than the creation of fairies, giants and ghosts—creatures based simply on distortions of physical conditions within our ken.

Your German is not satisfied with this. He must add a mystic element, dealing with soul-questions and symbolism. This motive has long infected German literature at large, and nowadays is making itself felt in the literature of the German stage. One of its most prominent exponents is Gerhart Hauptmann,

slightly known to American theatre-goers through the performances of his mystical play, "Hanele."

In Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer's translation of Hauptmann's play, "The Sunken Bell" (Russell), we have another glimpse into the German supernatural world. It is like "Faust," in so far as a human soul is at stake; in "The Sunken Bell," though, the man is striving, not for youth and its joys, but for successful accomplishment in his lifetime's work; the contending forces are not, as in "Faust," his better nature and the emissaries of the devil, but his church and his family ties, opposed by nature's material aids, typified by elves, sprites, and gnomes. It is a mighty but poetic struggle, and to analyze its elements would require great space and a knowledge of the German motive that few Americans possess. Besides this, such an analysis is bound to lead to a discussion of intents and meanings and interpretations quite as marked in its differences of opinion as the eternal disagreement concerning the sanity or insanity of *Hamlet*.

Few modern plays deserve publication in book form, because the recent tendency of the stage has been directly away from good literature. Whatever



CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

HATS off to Miss Murfree, Who writes bold tales of Tennessee, And asks no odds, although a she. She wrote "I'm Charles E. C.," And long we called her "he." And while her tales we lauded much, We overlooked the woman's touch, It seldom happens thus— More praise to her, and less to us!

the American fate of "The Sunken Bell" as a play, it certainly deserves consideration as a literary accomplishment. In Mr. Meltzer's translation the play has been clad in a poetical guise of easily flowing English. Its earlier acts read smoothly, and it is not until toward the end that the translator seems to tire of his most difficult task. In the main, he conveys a distinct meaning, and the obscure places are doubtless due to the original author and the difficulty of bringing clearly to the minds of our

race the mysticity of the German. The author may well congratulate himself on having found a translator who is not only in sympathy with his work, but who also has the understanding necessary to bring it to a scholarly and successful accomplishment.

It is understood that Mr. Sothorn is to produce "The Sunken Bell" on the stage next season. As an acting play—but that is another story. *Metcalfe.*



"WELL, EFFIE, WON'T YOU GIVE ME A KISS?"
"OH, I'M SO BUSY, UNCLE GEORGE! WHY DON'T YOU GET EMMA TO KISS YOU?"

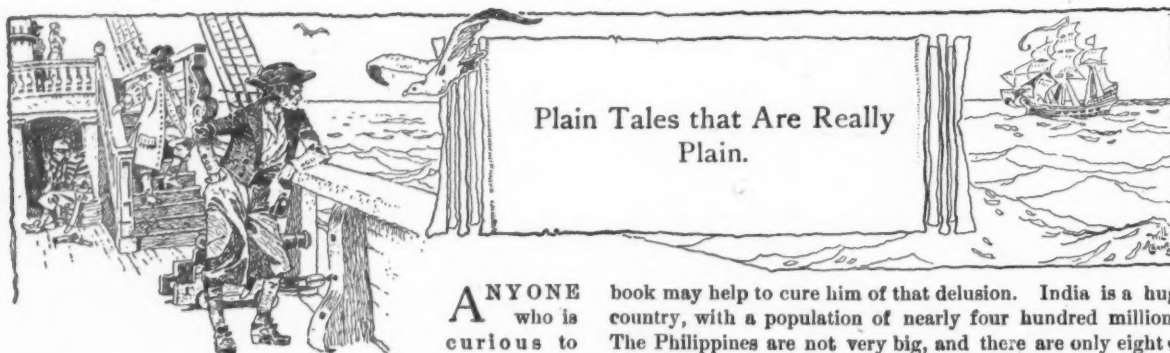
Our Fresh-Air Fund.

TO his charitable readers, LIFE again presents himself in behalf of the children. The farm at Branchville, with its orchards, its brook, and its clean beds for two hundred occupants, is all ready for the summer.

This season we need your aid more than ever before, as last summer was a painful struggle. Hard times, combined with war, checked the flow of funds into our Fresh-Air coffers, and left us in poor condition for these coming months.

The number of children we send to the country depends upon a liberality that has never disappointed us—except for good cause—and we ask you now to give as freely as you can afford. We want you to have a good time yourself—for it is LIFE's endeavor to give you that for a brief period once a week—and we ask you to contribute a few dollars now and then towards a good time for others. To the children of the city, two weeks in the country means a heap of fun.

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Plain Tales that Are Really Plain.

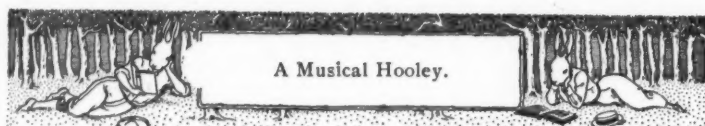
ANYONE who is curious to know how much Kipling there is in the Kipling stories of India, is invited to consider the thirty tales which Edgar Jepson and Captain Beames have put into the volume called "On the Edge of the Empire" (Scribner). There is no Kipling in these tales, and, inasmuch as Kipling did not write them, we must regard his absence from them as a merit. They are really plain tales, and a plain tale is something Kipling never wrote. There is no story of his that has not had its little dose of magic shot under its skin, but about these stories there is no magic; they jolt along very honestly; start, proceed, arrive and accomplish the purpose of their locomotion.

There must be Englishmen in every Indian story. In most of the Kipling stories the Englishman or the Englishwoman is the chief figure, and the Indian is the appurtenance. In most of these tales the Englishman takes second place and the native holds the front of the stage. They are not so much about the British in India as about India with the British in it. And they are instructive stories, full of violence and deceit, populated by Pathans, Waziris, Sepoys, Sikhs, Bunnlahs, Badmashes, Mahsuds, and the like. The vocabulary of the writer of Indian stories is almost as much deformed as that of the ingenious Hoot-Mon authors. It abounds in words and names which the reader doesn't understand, but which, as they grow familiar, serve increasingly the purpose of words, and convey color, even where they fail to convey meaning.

The present volume seems to have been compiled largely from the police records. It is almost without exception a chronicle of misbehavior, of feuds between rival evildoers, of outbreaks between Hindoos and Musselmans, of false-swearing, conspiracy, native craft, British vigilance, and frequently of British incompetence. It does not at all suggest that British rule has made India a paradise, nor does it give a very hopeful impression as to the results of British efforts to train the various breeds of Orientals into what Americans and Europeans would consider reasonable, self-regulating creatures. It shows the British ruler as usually conscientious and kindly, and frequently efficient; it represents him and his organization as a power for order, but far from infallible, and wisely conscious of his inability to make the Ethiopian change his skin or the Eurasian his nature. If any American imagines that the job of assimilating an Oriental empire with a dense Oriental population is comparable in any way with the work of colonizing a territory within the boundaries of the United States, this story-

book may help to cure him of that delusion. India is a huge country, with a population of nearly four hundred millions. The Philippines are not very big, and there are only eight or nine million people in them. Moreover, the Filipinos are mostly Malays, and the Malay is, possibly, more imitative and quicker to take up with new ideas than the Indian. But the Malay has been Malay for centuries, and will be Malay to the end of the story, and what the job of looking after him will be like, and how much his natural turn of mind may be affected by change of government, may be approximately surmised by observation of the results of British rule in India.

E. S. Martin.



A Musical Hooley.

"He sits in a sea-green grotto, with a bucket of lurid paint,
And draws the thing as it isn't for the god of things as they ain't!"

—Overheard from Kipling.

THE clerical author of "The Two Standards" (Century Co.) has an important part of the equipment of a prolific novelist. He has a knowledge of several languages, new and old, and of their literatures; he is a sympathetic lover of good music; he has traveled some, and has met a variety of interesting people. To these he adds a cataract of words, many of them polysyllabic and resonant. That is why it takes five hundred closely printed pages in which to elaborate his story. He knows too much, and enjoys spinning it into his stories.

There is one thing, however, which he does not know—and that is human nature. The characters of this story represent modern English people—some of them of great wealth and position. The heroine begins as the usual "daughter of a poor, but aristocratic vicar," who is a stock character in English fiction. Of course, she is beautiful, brilliant and discontented; and also, of course, she has a sister, and a cousin who loves her, but is expected to love the sister. No English vicar's family was ever without that complication—in fiction.

BUT at this point enters the man who brings the story absolutely up to date—a modern English millionaire and promoter, a sort of Hooley, who loves music and art. It is to be expected that he should buy the beautiful heroine and then break her heart. He has a past which includes an opera singer and a son, and by their aid the heart is broken.

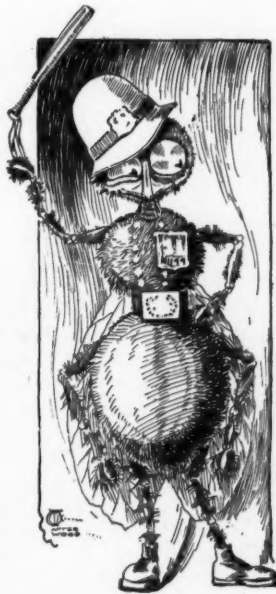
The real, heaven-born lover appears in the person of a great musical composer, and the promoter's wife has no trouble in recognizing his transcendent worth. But the composer's



"I'M GLAD TO SEE, WALDO, THAT YOU ARE READING YOUR BIBLE."
"YES, SIR. NOT THAT I BELIEVE IN IT, BUT I FIND IT AN EXCELLENT INTELLECTUAL STIMULANT."

brother, a poetic monk, steps in to prevent a vulgar elopement. A touch of burlesque is added by the revelation that the promoter has organized the composer as a stock company, limited, and proposes to coin money off his operas—which is a wicked thing to do. No high-minded composer would ever dream of growing rich from his art!

THE "two standards" are the ancient ones of Good and Evil—under which so many battles have been fought. In this story of Father Barry's the devil gets the worst of it, and the poor millionaire lands in jail—which seldom happens in real life. He is a pretty decent sort of a sinner, however, and places the heroine's hand in the composer's as he dies, saying, "Take care of *Marian*." As *Marian* thinks she is a great singer, and will insist upon appearing in the composer's operas, it is safe to presume that his life will not be entirely without thorns. The "gospel of renunciation" (which in the end brought him the prize) will, however, carry him safely through that trial, and he will continue to write classic operas, no doubt, even knowing that his wife will sing in them! We regret that this is the entire moral lesson that we can discover in a book which was



A FLY COP.

evidently written with the solemn purpose of conveying a great Truth.

Unreality never does convey even little bits of everyday, useful truths, which poor, commonplace sinners, who do not sing or compose, need in their business. *Droch.*

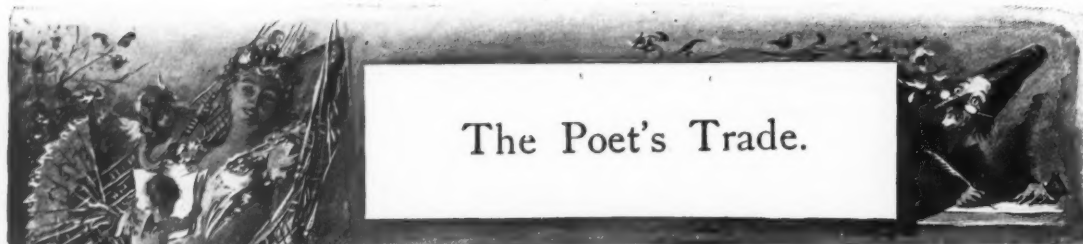
MR. RUSSELL A. ALGER of Michigan has shown that he is no mere figure-head, but possesses remarkable qualities of doggedness and perseverance in holding a military position when once he has assumed it. He showed rare firmness in resisting the attacks of the Kansans who demanded that he should abandon his position in favor of Colonel Funston. He is, and expects to remain, Secretary of War in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, no matter how often his position is assaulted, nor by whom.

IBSEN performances are so unusual in America, that it is worth while to note that "Ghosts," with an excellent cast, has a representation at the Carnegie Lyceum on the evening of May 29th.

"THAT boy of yours may become a Senator."

"Why not President?"

"Better a Senator; that means money, too."



The Poet's Trade.

THE literary preferences of America are capricious. When the Killyarders landed on our coasts and bombarded us with derelict dialect we hailed them as prophets; when that poet and poseur, Richard Le Gallienne, came, we wanted him identified by the police. Yet Richard had the trappings and the suits of Poesy. He was garbed in velvet and adorned with ringlets; he had taken a fall out of Omar the Tentmaker, translating the Rubaiyat and reconstructing Fitzgerald; he had written fanciful verse and Prose Fancies; he had dissected Meredith, analyzed Stevenson, and taken a flyer at theology, and had run the whole literary gamut; yet the victims of *majorpondicitis* wouldn't touch him, preferring the kail-brose of Watson to the nectar of Le Gallienne. Plainly, Le Gallienne needed the passionate press agent; he neglected the ten-sheet poster; he had no publisher to push him around in a steamer chair; he lacked the business qualities of the up-to-date poet; he even forgot the warnings of his idol Heine, about sending poets to London, or he failed to realize that New York is a London suburb. But what oracle listens to the augurs? He left America in disgust, leaving a memory precious to æsthetic maids and a name dear to the slambanger of the Sun.

In his latest outbreak, "Young Lives" (Lane), Richard is himself again. He gives us a flavor of the "Romance of Zion Church," a touch of poetry, and some Puritanism; he lightens his prose with yeasty rhapsodies, and tells of love and diluted Bohemianism, tempered by the literary and histrionic aspirations of several impetuous and cheery young persons. It might be termed "The Evolution

of a Poet;" it might be Richard's biography. *Henry Mesurier* is the poet; he was born that way, and couldn't help himself. His father viewed poets, outside of Watts—if he be a poet—as dangerous and immoral persons; and the firm of commercial wreckers *Henry* worked for held similar views. When he published a book of passionate verse dedicated to his best girl his commercial career closed abruptly. His indignant employers fired him at once, hinting that, while many vices might be palliated in business, poetry was the unforgivable sin. Then the dauntless young poet went out working ten hours a day at his chosen profession. Samples of his commercial poems on lace and lingerie are given; the epics that made him famous are prudently withheld. The painful story of an alcoholic degenerate warning *Henry* against literature lightens up the book; the trials and triumphs of *Mike the Comedian* touch us tenderly; we pity the

æsthetic *Myrtilla*, tied to a coarse person with a damaged liver called *Williamson*; but we have serious doubts about the tall and queenly *Esther Mesurier*, falling hopelessly in love with a small, red-headed actor.

In his monograph on Meredith, Le Gallienne writes: "The passion of his genius is indeed the tracing of the elemental in the complex, the registration of the infinitesimal vibrations of first causes, the tracking in human life of the shadowiest trail of primal instinct, the hairbreadth measurement of subtle, psychological tangents, and the embodiment of these results in form."

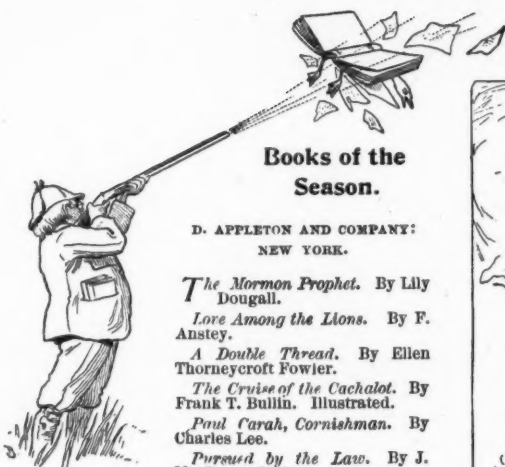
Perhaps Richard is troubled with the same complaint. His "Young Lives" may not make a profound impression on this age, but it will do—in the dog days.

Joseph Smith.

INVITATION is the sincerest flattery.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, HUMPIE? 'PENDECITIS?"
"NO. I'VE GOT DYSPESIA IN THREE OF MY STOMIKS."



Books of the Season.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY:
NEW YORK.

- The Mormon Prophet.* By Lily Dougall.
Love Among the Lions. By F. Anstey.
A Double Thread. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank T. Bullin. Illustrated.
Paul Carah, Cornishman. By Charles Lee.
Pursued by the Law. By J. MacLaren Cobban.

HARPER BROTHERS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

- When the Sleeper Wakes.* By H. G. Wells. Illustrated.
The Awkward Age. By Henry James.
Reminiscences. By Justin McCarthy, M.P.
A Thousand Days in the Arctic. By Frederick G. Jackson. Illustrated.
The Break-up of China.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY: NEW YORK.

- The Market-Place.* By Harold Frederic. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher.
A Guide to the Wild Flowers. By Alice Lounsbury. Illustrated by Mrs. Ellis Rowan.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

- Highways and Byways in Donegal.* By Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. \$2.
Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. Volume IV. 50 cents.
Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. \$1.50.
Jesus Delaney. By Joseph Gordon Donnelly. \$1.50.
The Maternity of Harriott Wicken. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
Men's Tragedies. By R. V. Risleley. \$1.50.
Heart of Man. By George Edward Woodberry. \$1.50.
The Short-Line War. By Merwin Webster. \$1.50.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY: PHILADELPHIA.

- Mr. Miss and Mrs.* By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr. ('Karl').
The Taming of the Jungle. By Dr. C. W. Doyle.
The Daughters of Baby'on. By Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens.
A Triple Entanglement. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

- Lyrics of the Hearthside.* By Paul Lawrence Dunbar.
The Silver Cross. By S. R. Keightley.
The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden.

H. S. STONE AND COMPANY: CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

- Love's Dilemmas.* By Robert Herrick.
Can We Learn? By Joseph McCabe. Written in collaboration with Georges Darien.
The Penalties of Taste and Other Essays. By Norman Bridge.



- The Cougar Tamer and Other Stories.* By Frank Welles Calkins.
A Short History of the United States. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.
The Perfect Wagnerite. By Bernard Shaw.
The History of Gambling in England. By John Ashton.

G. W. DILLINGHAM AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

- Waters That Pass Away.* By N. B. Winston.
His Own Image. By Alan Dale.
If Sinners Entice Thee. By William Le Queux.
The Two White Elephants. By Arthur Henry Vesey.
The Story of the Rough Riders. By Edward Marshall.

R. F. FENNO AND COMPANY: CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

- The Measure of a Man.* By E. Livingston Prescott. \$1.25.
A Girl of Grit. By Major Arthur Griffiths.
The Angel of the Covenant. By J. MacLaren Cobban. \$1.50.
Martyrs of Empire, or Duskinbar. By Herbert C. McIlwaine. \$1.25.
Prisoners and Captives. By Henry Seton Merrimen. \$1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: NEW YORK.

- A Civilian Attaché.* By Helen Dawes Brown. 75 cents.
A Texas Ranger. By N. A. Jennings. \$1.25.
Across the Campus. By Caroline M. Fuller. \$1.50.

THE FIRST SPRING POEM.

- How to Know the Ferns.* By Frances Theodore Parsons. Illustrated by Marion Sattellee and Alice Josephine Smith.

F. TENNYSON NEELY: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

- The Little I Saw of Cuba.* By Burt McIntosh. Illustrated.
Neely's Panorama of Our New Possessions.
Children of the Mist. By Eden Phillpotts.
Yale Yarns. By John Seymour Wood. Illustrated.

- The Jamesons.* By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated by Alice Barton Stephens. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. \$1.00.

- Young Lives.* By Richard Le Gallienne. New York and London: John Lane. \$1.50.

- Solution of the Race Problem in the South.* By Enoch Spencer Simmons. Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards and Broughton.

- The Blind Goddess.* By Randall Irving Tyler. Illustrations by Kauffman. New York: The Stuyvesant Publishing Company.



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THE EDUCATION OF
XXXI

DURING THE EVENINGS AT CARNEY CASTLE MR. P.



EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.
XXXI.

NEY CASTLE MR. PIPP TAKES HIS FIRST LESSONS IN CHESS.

LIFE'S ELIXIR.



For that choking sensation, **Vinum Marianum** has no equal.
—Desdemona.



I was terribly down in the mouth, and should never have come out of it but for **Vinum Marianum**.—Jonah.



The Season's Record.



ALWAYS generous to the theatres, the New York public has this year, thanks to unusual business prosperity, lavished on its play-houses unstinted patronage. Almost all ventures of a theatrical nature, and some of them with the threadiest claim to merit, have made money. Little lightweight farces, that in ordinary times would have thought themselves fortunate to have run a fortnight, have been kept on for weeks, and our theatre-loving public has enriched the ticket speculators in its mad desire to get seats to see anything with the slightest claim to popularity. Of course, we all know there are no longer any such things as

ticket speculators, but it has been a peculiar fact that all through the past season, if one wished to see a performance at all in vogue, one could rarely get seats at a box-office, but had to seek some one who had them to sell at an advanced price. So much for the financial side. This year it has been a very poor show indeed that could not make money in New York, and the same thing seems to have held true the country over.

Artistically, we have several things for which to give thanks. If for nothing else, the season should be memorable for having given us "Cyrano." Rostand's play has passed the point of needing anyone to call it a masterpiece, and Mr. Mansfield's presentation of it was adequate in every way. Next to "Cyrano," in artistic merit, we must rank "Zaza." The piece itself had to be mutilated to suit it to our Puritanical standard, but the mutilation was inoffensively done, and both the play and Mrs. Carter's powerful impersonation are bound to stand out in recollection. Delightful, too, was "Trelawny of The Wells," both as a play and in the way it was acted and presented. Less important, but still of agreeable memory, are Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned in "The Strange Adventure of Lady Ursula," Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott in "Nathan Hale," Miss Mariow in "Colinette," and "Lord and Lady Algy," with Mr. Faversham's unexpected excellence and Miss Millward's finished art.

What threatened to be an epidemic of the more robustuous form of stage entertainment found its vent in two versions of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," and in the prolonged run of "The Great Ruby" at Daly's. The Shakespearian tornado, which at one time impended, blew itself out in

the triple-headed fiasco at the Herald Square and in Miss Maude Adams's creation of an up-to-date *Juliet*. Just where to locate that undoubted financial success, Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian," would puzzle an expert zoölogist. It must remain in a cage by itself, unclassified.

Light opera and burlesque have this season been much less prominent than usual in the list of attractions. The only things of this nature to score have been "The Runaway Girl" at Daly's and Victor Herbert's "The Fortune Teller," with Miss Alice Nielsen in the title rôle. The Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre has completed another season of standard operas, adequately produced in English. Entirely leaving aside the intrinsic merit of the performances by this company, the educational value of the enterprise to the community is a very considerable one.

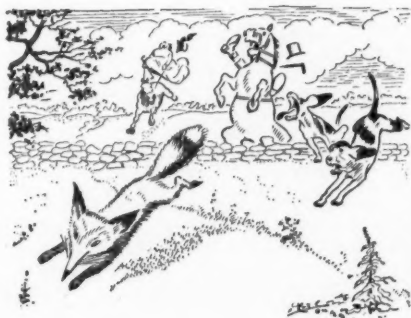
The notable feature of the past season has been that a few great successes have held their respective stages for long runs. This has meant that new productions of untried pieces have been comparatively few. This may not be encouraging to the aspiring and unheard-of dramatist, but it has saved that section of the public which is willing to take chances from the failures which it, with more or less good nature, sits through in less prosperous seasons. All in all, the past dramatic year has been one which, compared with its immediate predecessors, both public and critics might well be glad to accept as a fixed average.

NOT exceptional, but noteworthy, is the little that the Theatrical Trust has had to do with the artistic successes of the season.

Metka'fe



Bridget: IF YEZ DON'T PAY ME THE WAGES Y'Z OWE ME, O'I'LL KAPE DUNNING YEZ TILL YEZ DO.
Deacon Harduppe: WELL, DUN, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.



"LEADING A CHASTE LIFE."

Blood and Glory.

IT appears that our losses of men in the Philippines amount to one thousand nine hundred and one, including killed, wounded, missing and deaths by disease.

Now, if we had not undertaken the subjugation of these wicked people, those one thousand nine hundred and one Americans might have been living at home with their families, in contemptible peace.

War is a glorious thing. And we can't have war without victims. The immediate families of these one thousand nine hundred and one dead Americans



Richard III.: BY MY HALIDOM! 'TIS LUCKY NO ONE TOOK THAT FOOLISH BID OF MINE FOR A HORSE, WHEN NOW I CAN GET A BICYCLE FOR \$19.98.

may have their doubts and they may complain, but progress and civilization are hard at work on the Filipinos and must not be interfered with.

Whom shall we fight next?

What's the matter with Nantucket?



"TOPSY TURVY."



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"JIMMY, WOT'S DE ENGLISH O' DAT SIGN?"

"WHY, 'MY SON FRANCIS,' O' COURSE!"

"DEAR ME! WOT A BLESSIN' A EDUCATION IS, TO BE SURE!"



ALONG with the multiplicity of books which are offered on the one side in ever increasing quantities by enterprising publishers, has come on the other side a wonderful sense of discrimination on the part of the purchasing public. There are so many books nowadays, and such a large proportion of them are "deadwood," that when one has been fooled a number of times, one learns to be careful. The average bargain-hunting, market-tinged, grocery-colored woman has learned to apply to the buying of books the same mercenary shrewdness which she has gathered unto herself by countless combats in other fields. She will run her hand over half a dozen volumes on the counter in as many different colors, take out one, look at the title, read the first two lines of the first chapter,

glance through the last pages, give it an appreciative sniff, and say condescendingly, "That looks good." If a book doesn't look good, that settles it. She may be mistaken (something that does happen, but less frequently all the time), but it will take the strong recommendation of some one who has read the book before her opinion is shaken. Men do not buy books. But upon the "that looks good" of the average woman rests the loss and gain account of some of our principal publishing houses. It seems probable (although it is a hard matter for the ordinary man to take upon himself the responsibility of saying what a woman's judgment will be under any circumstances) that Miss Wilkins's "The Jamesons" (Doubleday-McClure) will pass this first test. It comes in an attractive green, which is a fashionable color for books this year, and is interspersed with colored pictures—not many of them to be sure, but what there are are really worth while, and add much to the author's text. They are among the few diminutive colored pictures that really convey some idea of the book. On the other hand, the mercenary individual will note that the pages are small and widely margined and that the book can be easily read in an hour. This might be a positive advantage in some instances, but

with Miss Wilkins, one is inclined to feel at the start that this is perhaps too little pabulum for the money.

So much for the appearance which counts so greatly these days and which should of course be noted as much in a review as the text.

The text itself is pretty good. *Mrs. Jameson*, a woman of departed wealth, compelled by reduced circumstances to board in a New England village, endeavors to "improve" her new neighbors. The story is told by one of them, which takes away somewhat from the harshness of describing a character directly. Miss Wilkins is not solemn anywhere, which is a good point in her favor, and she maintains a gently humorous tone throughout which is admirably sustained. Moreover, she brings up to the surface occasionally a little thread of satire, suggestive of a deeper vein underneath.

The Jamesons, who did not like baked beans and never cooked them, had bought, or had given them, a number of old bean-pots and had them sitting about the floor or on the tables with wild flowers in them. . . . Flora Clark said that for her part her bean-pot went into the oven with beans in it, instead of into the corner with flowers into it, as long as she had her reason. But I must say I did not agree with her. . . . I told Louisa that I could not see why the original states of



The Rooster: I NEVER SAW SUCH A SLOW OLD-FASHIONED FOWL AS THAT HEN OVER THERE.
The Duck: WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A Philadelphia BROILER?

Inanimate things ought to be remembered against them when they were elevated to finer uses any more than those of people, and now that the bean-pot had become a vase in the parlor, why, its past could not be forgotten. Louisa agreed with me, but I don't doubt that many people never looked at those pots full of golden-rod without seeing beans.



The White Boys: COME ON OVER, EPH. WE'RE PLAYIN' A NEW GAME AN' WE NEED YOU TO HELP.
Eph: WHAT'S YO' PLAYIN'?
"WE'RE PLAYIN' 'LYNCHIN'."

The book is not a novel, but a character sketch, and while it will not establish Miss Wilkins's reputation on any firmer basis, it is fairly representative. The humor is sometimes a trifle strained, and Miss Wilkins has introduced some jokes of doubtful parentage. There is, however, considerable philosophy mixed in, and the book, on the whole, is mild and pleasant to the taste, and a good picture of a certain kind of New England village life. *Tom Masson.*

A Difference.

"CHOLLY is so different from his brother, who has an impediment in his speech," said Miss Pennington.

"That is true," said Miss Kittish. "Cholly has an impediment in his brain."

IT takes us about four years to learn to speak, and the other three-score-and-six to learn not to.

Books that are Being Read

NO. 5 JOHN STREET

is not the address of a New York jeweler, but the title of a romance of low life in London at the end of the nineteenth

century—a scathing satire on the selfishness of high civilizations, presenting vivid social contrasts in a style remarkable for its delicacy and force. Though published but a few weeks since, it is already in a second edition. In England it has proved to be the book of the season. The author, Mr. Richard Whiteing, is a well-known journalist.

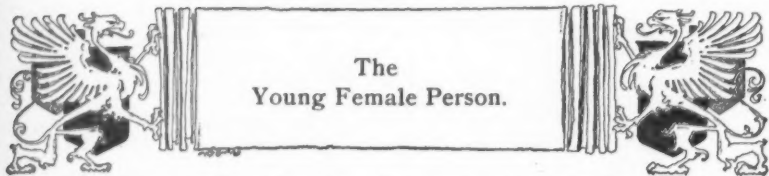
THE TWO STANDARDS would be a remarkable romance, no matter who had written it; it is especially noteworthy as the work of a priest. The Rev. Dr. William Barry, who conducts the Catholic Mission at Dorchester, England, writes like a man of the world, as he undoubtedly is. There is only one opinion as to his extraordinary cleverness; but while most reviewers acclaim his novel as a masterpiece, some regard it in a different light. Read it, and decide for yourself.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL is the last work of the creator of "Wonderland." Nominally a memoir, it contains so much matter—literary and pictorial—by Carroll himself, as really to be an autobiography. And there is so much of Alice in it—the real one, as well as the heroine of the "Wonderland" and "Looking Glass" stories—as to make it almost as much of an "Alice book" as either of those classics.

KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOKS rival in popularity the "Alice books" that made an Oxford professor famous throughout the world. They are unique in the field of literature for the young, and many regard them as "Kipling's best bid for immortality." No less striking in its way is the same author's "CAPTAIN'S COURAGEOUS"—an American story for American boys.

"CUBA AND PORTO RICO," by Robert T. Hill, describing all the islands of the West Indies, has gone into a second and revised edition, which contains the results of the author's trip to the islands since the American occupation. No other book on the subject contains so much and such varied information, profusely illustrated, and brought up-to-date.

The above books can be had everywhere. They are published by The Century Co.



The Young Female Person.

WITH his wonted niecety of eye for psychic and social values, in "The Awkward Age" (Harper) Henry James has caught for theme a modern phase in the life of the social organism, showing the growing pains of the awkward age in which it, conversationally speaking, finds itself during the emancipating process of the young person.

It long has been acknowledged by those in search of standards that, for a criterion of what must be suppressed in conversation, literature and art, one must consult the modest blushes of the generation that is now a grandparent, since the contemporaneous mother is notoriously lax, and the young person of to-day a creature of unblushing cheek. It is a recognition in fiction of this phase that constitutes the *motif* of the book, and while Mr. James works it out with the playful grace of one catching egg-shells and cannon-balls on a Dresden china plate, none the less does he show the outcome to the young person to be tragedy—well-bred, drawing-room, conversational, suppressed, lurid tragedy.

In Mrs. Brookenham's salon at Buckingham Crescent clever talk has been brought to the nth power of expressiveness. No one is so banal as to be scrupulous, so dull as to halt at personalities; nothing in life is too sacred or too nasty to be reduced to the terms of airy persiflage. But a day comes when the young person must be reckoned with. *Nanda* has been kept over-long in the nursery by a mother addicted to the trick of youth; she is not yet seasoned to the fine franchise of her mother's circle, yet she is much aware of what young persons are not supposed to know, made so by the suggestive gaps in her elders' talk, caused by the wet-blanket of her youthful presence—too aware to be conversationally innocent, too intrinsically noble to be in conduct anything else. Throwing into high relief her informed modernity, there is a fine old background of grandmother, a lavender and rose-leaf memory of *Lady Julia*, whom *Nanda* startlingly reproduces in all but the point of view. *Lady Julia's* rejected but faithful lover, *Mr. Longdon*, a beautiful old thing of the snuff-box era, has lain dormant in a pleached garden with his memories while the length of a generation's stride has been added to the tether of young persons. When poor *Nanda* reads in his shocked eye the contrast between the grace of

ancestral suppressions and her own mental nudity, she naturally exclaims: "But granny wasn't the kind of girl she couldn't have been—and so neither am I!"

That is the tragedy. The young person is at the awkward age of the century for a happy matrimonial fate. The possible orthodox husband whom *Nanda* worships cannot master his prepossession in favor of ante-nuptial unawareness, and the tale is suspended—for Mr. James could not be so obvious as to end a tale on the sad chord of the unfulfilled.

In characterization the book is peculiarly felicitous, though the author's estimate of his personages' cleverness suffers by the reader's appreciation of the author's own cleverness. *Mrs. Brook*, for instance, whose every speech is sealed with such applausive exclamations as "Superb! Magnificent! Wonderful! Prodigious! Complete!" is no more scintillating than *Nanda* or the *Duchess*, while the delightfully human *Mitchy* is the best of all. One feels that even the footmen would be analytic or epigrammatic if they got a chance.

The style is in the author's own James-est way—subtle, lucid, brilliant, involved, suggested and detailed. Everything in action, nothing in conversation, is left to the imagination. One yearns to know the effect on *Vanderbank* of *Nanda's* final, wonderful interview with him, and yearns in vain; but one is never forced to depend on a mere question mark, for instance, to recognize a question; every questioning shade of the questioner's voice is thrown in to aid one's recognition of its interrogative quality. Whole chunks of psychic and descriptive excellence read as if clumsily translated from "English as She is Spoke." "Do you then so very much like the little Aggie?" smacks of Ollendorf rather than nature. Formulate Galleisms abound in such lines as, "I am of a brilliancy; thou art of a frequency; he is of a density." But as for the book, the masterly achievement, it is of a pathos and a power!

Marguerite Merrington.

Willing to Suffer.

"WILLIE (*whack*), this hurts me (*whack*) almost as much as it does (*whack*) you."

"Then keep it up. I guess I can stand it."

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—*Boston Herald*.

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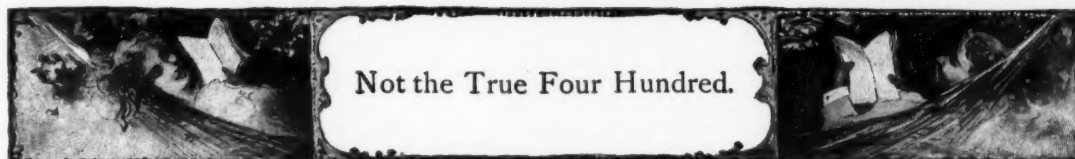
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• LIFE •



NOT long ago a distinguished novelist remarked in my presence that he could not understand why our native story-tellers had done so little with what is usually termed "high life."

"But," I replied, "it seems to me that a great many of our writers have dealt with high life. There's Henry James—he certainly devotes himself to high life; and so do Robert Grant, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and—quite a lot more."

"And which one of these, except Henry James, has given us a really strong, interesting and truthful picture of New York society?" continued the novelist. And I held my peace. The fact is that I had always taken it for granted that New York's "four hundred" were as well taken care of in fiction as they are in the society columns of the newspapers, and for that reason had troubled myself very little with what are termed "society novels." The words of my friend set me to thinking, however, and so it came to pass that I read Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "A Triple Entanglement" (Lippincott), in order that I might gain some idea of how our native swells look when they are encountered in the pages of fiction.

I was disappointed in more than one particular. In the first place, the book cannot be described as a novel of American society, although it deals with persons of excellent social position; therefore I must do some more hard work if I want to find out what a New York society novel really is. Some of the principal characters in this book are native to our soil, but they spend most of their time abroad, and the scenes of the story are laid, for the most part, in Spain, London and Scotland.

In the second place, I was disappointed in the characters themselves. Not one of them is individual enough to stamp itself upon the memory of even the most impressionable reader, and they are all fools enough to make the story possible. That is to say, the life of each one seems to be made up of a series

of the mistakes and errors of judgment and vision that are the backbone of old-fashioned, farcical pieces. There is not a character in the story who is not invested by the author with a pair of blinders, to prevent the seeing of what is obvious to everybody else. *Wallis* is desperately in love with *Enid*, and for that reason engages himself to some one else, while she persistently hides from him because of the strong affection that she bears for him. He hunts for her in London, without success, although her whereabouts is so plainly indicated that even a New York detective would find no difficulty in tracing her. He writes her a letter, which is intercepted—a novel device, that, for prolonging a lover's agony—but in the end he succeeds in winning her, after an amount of work and trouble that the average Mormon would disdain to expend in the wooing of a whole family of wives. Moreover, he lives to pay the funeral expenses of his rival, a preposterous cad who, in the early portion of the book, has completely won the heart of the charming and innocent young *Enid*.

The last society novel I read before this one was by Miss Laura Jean Libbey, and I liked it because of its abundance of incident. Something happened on nearly every page, and that something was usually violent. People fell down wells, were thrown from horses, arrested for murder—in short, all Miss Libbey's characters were kept very busy from the beginning of the first chapter of the "Mad Mocking Mysterious Marriage at Midnight" until the end of the last. In point of incident Mrs. Harrison's work is inferior to that of her great contemporary, but in regard to what seamstresses and pew-openers call "fine writing" the author of "A Triple Entanglement" need not fear comparisons. It abounds in "cravings of the grosser man," "mellifluous strains," and other excellent and mellow phrases, which will no doubt compensate largely for the absence of information regarding real society people in real American society.

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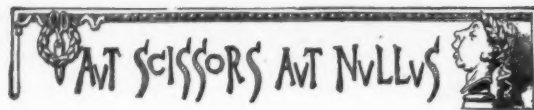
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REFORMS are wrought in many and curious ways, but seldom in a stranger manner than that in which a certain drunkard was sobered.

This man had wandered at midnight into a low saloon. He gave his order, and then leaned against the bar for support.

A man standing near by took from one pocket an addressed envelope, and from another a stamp, which he moistened with his tongue. Instead of adhering to the envelope, as the man intended, the stamp slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

The tippler saw it fall, and staggered forward to pick it up. Just as he was about to grasp it, the stamp darted in a zigzag course toward the side wall, like a scared thing. Filled with astonishment, the drinker drew back and intently watched the bit of paper, which, upon reaching the wall, began to ascend.

As it ascended, the tippler's face grew more intent, his body more rigid. He saw nothing but the mysterious, moving thing. His mind was soggy from years of ceaseless drinking. He thought that the animated stamp was a warning.

At the top of the wainscoting the stamp stopped, squatted as if for a moment's rest before ascending higher, and then made a dart toward the tippler's haggard face. The trembling sot saw it stop, saw it hesitate, and leap.

He was unquestionably doomed if he continued longer to drink to excess; the stamp had been given life to warn him. So it seemed to him. With a pitiful yell of fear and determination, he rushed from the saloon. From that eventful night until he died, in prosperous circumstances, recently, the man never swallowed a drop of liquor.

The moistened stamp had fallen upon a cockroach's back, and stuck there.—*Kansas City Star.*

AN Irishman, a bald-headed man and a barber were travelling together one night and agreed that each should keep watch for four hours at a time. It was the barber's turn to watch first, and he amused himself by shaving the head of the sleeping son of Cork. When his time had expired he awoke the Irishman, who, rubbing his head and finding it smooth, muttered as he went to sleep again: "What a d—d fool that barber is to wake the bald-headed man when he ought to have waked me."—*Princeton Tiger.*

In one of the hospitals in the South last summer a busy-looking, duty-loving woman bustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman, imploringly. The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time were his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect *sang froid* he replied: "Why, yes; you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor, eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier, gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."

—*Argonaut.*

"WHAT'S your purpose here?" asked the savage.

"We're going to civilize you," answered the white man who had just landed.

"Ah! What method do you use—Springfield, Lee-Metford, or Krag-Jorgensen?"—*Washington Star.*

THE scene was in the home of an actress in New York. She was entertaining a caller who knew all of Mr. R. H. Davis's stories by heart, when the author was announced. After the two men had been properly introduced the business man continued his conversation. Mr. Davis was clearly impatient. He had something of his own to say. After fidgeting a bit, walking over to the window and drumming on the panes, he went back to his chair and produced some photographs.

"Here are some pictures of the people who are playing in 'The Littlest Girl,'" he explained.

"Ah?" said the business man.

"Yes," replied Mr. Davis.

"An American play?"

"Yes, one of mine."

"Indeed!"

"From one of my stories," added Mr. Davis, irritably; "my Van Bibber stories."

"Van Bibber! Van Bibber!" repeated the business man. "German stories?"

"No; English. I wrote them first for a newspaper, and then—"

With an imperturbable face the business man, aided by the silence of the actress, led the author, step by step, to tell the history of the Van Bibber yarns, from the newspaper to the stage, and when he had finished both men rose and gravely shook hands. Mr. Davis was red and perspiring. The other man was cool and collected.

Then the business man withdrew and treated himself to a bird supper, and his solitary laughter made the waiter fear that he was serving a lunatic.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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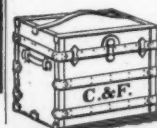
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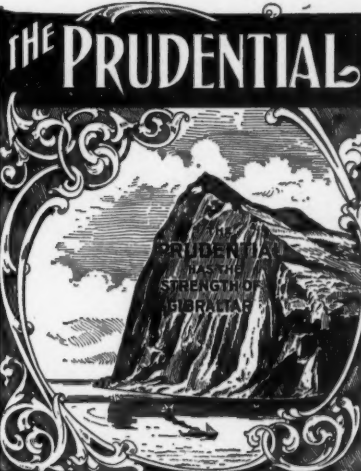
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"All right," said the old man, composedly, "jest let him stay thar—kaze ef you pester him he'll spring his rattle an' wake yer mammy up, an' then thar'll be the devil to pay!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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A NEGRO who recently came over to Georgia from Cuba and speaks English, but imperfectly, became involved in a quarrel with a native colored citizen, whom he referred to as an "African."

"T'ank de Lawd," replied the Georgia negro, "ef I is Afrikin, I ain't no Spaniel; en what's mo', I ain't no dam black Phillistine! I kin speak Nuinted States—I kin!"—*Exchange.*

"The trouble with the English is that they can't see a joke."

"Not at all. The trouble is that they don't know one when they see it."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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PERHAPS Editor Peffer can even up things for his ten dollar a week salary by following up the example of that colored pastor down in ole Virghny, who told the Northern tourist that he preached every Sunday for fifty cents. "That's darn poor pay," said the Northerner.

"Yes," replied the colored brother, "an' it's darn poor preach."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"SONNY," said Uncle Eben, "look out foh deshere proverbs. Dey tells you dar's books in the runnin' brooks, but don't you 'magine you's gwinter git you education going in swimming."

MRS. STILES: I shall never invite Mr. Funniman to dinner again.

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"That's just it. He tells such funny stories that he makes the butler laugh."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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At a recent fashionable wedding, a Colonel of volunteers acted very efficiently, as a self-appointed master of ceremonies. A doctor who noticed the other's zeal, remarked:

"You are major-domo, I see."

"Colonel domo, if you please!"

—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

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"I want to tell yo', my dear brethren," said Deacon Johnsing to his flock at prayer meeting, "dat in dese days of chainless bikes, hossless kerridges, an' sich, what we need fo' de glorification of de cullud folkses am ckickenless coops, razzlerless pahnties, melonless patches, an' crapless games. Does yo' follow me?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

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HE: Well, it ain't my fault if you can't look pretty any more.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

At an assemblage of noted men a year or two ago, a lawyer who conducts the legal business of a great railway system tried to "guy Bishop Williams" by malicious quizzing. At last he said, "Why don't you get these railway managers to give you a pass over their roads, Bishop? You can pay for it by giving them entrance tickets into heaven."

"Oh, no," gently replied the Bishop; "I would not part them so far from their counsel in the other world."

The laugh was general, and the lawyer concluded to "let the parson alone."—*Youth's Companion.*

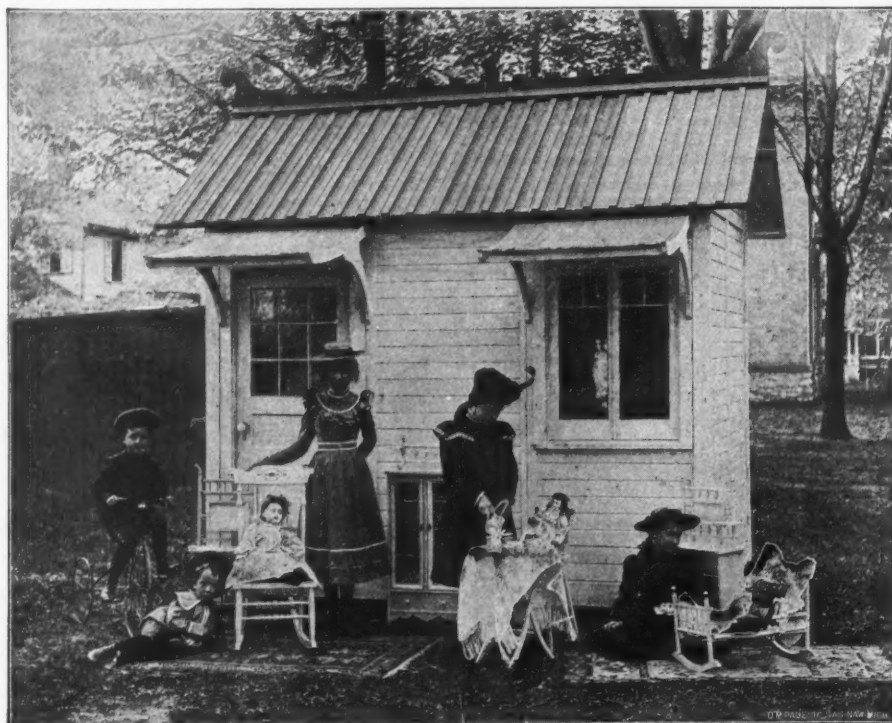


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At a dinner, not long ago, someone asked the ex-Prime Minister what memory was.

"Memory," replied Lord Rosebery, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories." —*Exchange.*

It was rather a small piece, and he man was a complainer by nature.

"Here's another of these problems which confront us at every turn," he said. "I can't make up my mind whether that ought to be called a piece of strawberry shortcake or a short piece of strawberry cake." —*Washington Star.*

LIEUTENANT (to his orderly): Bring me a beefsteak and poached egg.

ORDERLY: Excuse me, lieutenant, but haven't you forgotten that you are to dine to-night at Countess Pampstis?

"That's so! I had forgotten it. Bring me two beefsteaks and two poached eggs." —*Der Floh.*

"Ah, you do not know how hard it is to lose one's wife."

"Hard! My dear sir, it's simply impossible." —*Exchange.*

"CLARA JANE," said the returned soldier, whose heart was beating tumultuously, "you must pardon me if, in my confusion, I gave you the military salute when I came in."

"But you didn't, Oscar," shyly replied the maiden, who had formed a crude idea of the military salute from what she had read about Hobson. —*Chicago Tribune.*



THE VERDICT OF THE 'ALL.

James: 'OW DO I KNOW SHE AIN'T A LADY? 'COS SHE'S EVERLASTING BEGGIN' OF MY PARDON. —*Moonshine.*

ONCE upon a time an American taunted an Englishman. "How can you endure to be taxed to support your idle nobility?" exclaimed, the American warmly. Then the American paid \$10 a ton for his coal in order that the directors of the trust might procure dukes and things for sons-in-law. This fable teaches that there are almost as many ways of paying taxes as of dodging the same. —*Detroit Journal.*

"MAMMY," said Pickaninny Jim, "I's gwinter be one er dese hypnotizers."

"Whut's dem?"

"Yoh look somebody in de eye, an' he des nach'ly goes ter sleep."

"Well, don't you go was'in' yoh time. Dah's sleepfulness 'nuff in dis here worl' an' —" she paused suddenly, and after a moment of thought added — "Jimmy, does yoh 'magine you could do dat to a chickin'?" —*Washington Star.*

LORD NELSON once sent his coxswain with a note to Lady Hamilton, with orders to wait for a reply. When her ladyship had read it, she said to the sailor: "I suppose I shall have to give Nelson a coxswain a drink. What shall it be—a pot of beer, a glass of grog or a drop of punch?"

"Bless your ladyship!" said Jack, "I ain't a bit particular. I'll take the beer now, and I can be drinking the grog while your ladyship's mixing the punch for me." —*Exchange.*



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WHEN Peter Dunne, of Dooley fame, was at the Players' Club in New York, some months ago, to him was introduced Richard Harding Davis in facetious mood. "Why, Mr. Dunne," said Davis, "I expected to see you in chin whiskers."

"Why, Mr. Davis," Dunne replied, "I expected to find you in a shirt-waist." —Argonaut.

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1899 = 35th = 1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate, - - - - -	\$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - - - - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, - - - - -	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, - - - - -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, - - - - -	1,182,327.04
Loans on this Company's Policies, - - - - -	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums, - - - - -	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, - - - - -	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - - - - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds, - - - - -	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, - - - - -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - - - - -	1,462,300.00

Total Assets, - - - - - \$25,815,442.46

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, - - - - -	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, - - - - -	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies, - - - - -	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, - - - - -	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, - - - - -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, - - - - -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., - - - - -	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department, - - - - -	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, 400,000.00	

Total Liabilities, - - - - - \$21,209,625.36

Excess Security to Policy-holders, - - - - - \$4,105,817.10

Surplus to Stockholders, - - - - - \$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force, - - - - -	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898, - - - - -	16,087,551.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	14,532,369.62

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, - - - - -	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid, - - - - -	324,260
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	\$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864 - - - - -	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	\$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

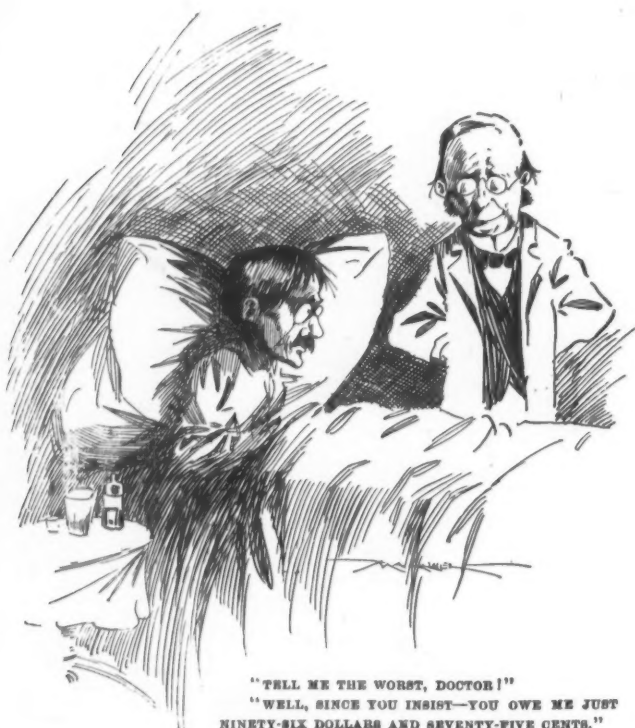
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjutant.

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